treat me well, if only I would do what he wanted of me for once or twice; moreover when the Supdt. had ordered my removal to the native ward, even the blanket I was wearing, will have to be taken away, so that there would be nothing left for me to wear, as there were no blankets to be had in the native ward, where the inmates were allowed only a gunny a-piece to cover themselves with at night, in place of a blanket. Finding no way out at last, I had to wear what-ever clothes they gave me and come over to the native ward. Amongst the lunatics there were many who did not care a two-pence for all the clothes of this world, that people make so much of, and who went about stark naked proving to the world the significance of the very wise saying [4]'Naked we came from our mothers' womb, and naked shall we go." They alone seemed to have realised the meaning of Thomas CarlyleV philosophy of clothes, who in his Sartor Resartus most graphically defines man as but a "featherless biped*' or *'a straddling forked-radish with a head fantastically

carved." I too*
might have followed in their wake
and proved
to the Supdt. the very apparent and
undeniable
fact of Carlyle's assertion to his
satisfaction, had